

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the Salvation Army, says that the world is just a drunkard's grave! It was 'er in-florence that wus th' means o' my salvation!"

TORONTO, SEPT. 25, 1897.

Neel
I an' hey ly I an' a new werry last abits for a new will an' er Salvation

The price of bread in Great Britain is said to be rising.

One of the latest novelties for the extinguishing of fires is a horse electric fire engine. It is capable of being worked by one person.

News comes from New York that the concession for the proposed completion of the Panama Canal has been granted to England.

While deepening the Canal at Montreal the dredge tore up several sections of two 29-inch pipes. This threatened the City with a water famine.

So far there seems every prospect of a highly satisfactory harvest. There is a heavy increase in Fall Wheat and a good crop of hay, while oats are reported as being enormous.

Out of 68 samples of commercial or table mustard submitted to analytical investigation by officials of the Inland Revenue Department, only three were found to be genuine mustard. In Montreal, every tin sold as pure mustard was found to be adulterated with wheat, flour, maize, tumeric, pea flour, cayenne and millings.

We are not surprised to hear that a railway is contemplated for Alaska. It is to be a narrow-gauge from the water on Prince William Sound to the valley of Copper River, and then across the divide to a point on the Yukon River near the boundary. The name of the Company will be the Alaska Central Railway Company.

The Duke and Duchess of York have been visiting Ireland. The Queen sent the following letter to Earl Cadogan, the Lord-Lieutenant: "I am greatly pleased to hear of the very loyal and kind reception which my dear grandchildren met with everywhere in Ireland, and I would ask you to let this expression of mine be generally known."

It is said that the first consignment of gold that reached New York was not of the first quality, and worth about one dollar an ounce less than Californian gold. There are rumors about that there is danger of famine along the Yukon owing to the difficulty which exists in taking provisions sufficient for the eager gold-hunters already on the spot and those on the way. Especially if even the prospect of possible starvation will deter the mad chase of those who have caught the gold fever.

The British Trade Congress at Birmingham strongly condemned child-labor, and adopted resolutions recommending all Societies affiliated in the Congress to restrict, and wherever possible abolish over-time in their respective trades. The resolution of the abolition of child-labor under the age of fifteen, and all night labor under the age of eighteen, was adopted in spite of opposition by a vote of 688,000. Another resolution adopted by the Congress was in favor of the nationalization of the land, mines, minerals, rent, railways, waterways and docks, and the municipalization of all water, artificial light and tramway undertakings.

IN PRAISE OF OUR HARVEST FESTIVAL.

From the Editorial columns of the "Plain-Dealer," we cull the following warm commendation of our work:

"These Salvationists are a queer people. They seem to think that religion should show itself by acts. Of course almost anybody would agree that it is the proper thing to feel thankful to God for His mercies, and that we should endeavor to do something to prove it. All over the country, at the end of this week, their Corps will hold Harvest Thanksgivings, to which all are invited to contribute grain, fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter, flowers, or anything else. These will be first used in decorating their Bar-racks, and at the end of the Festival be auctioned off. The proceeds will be used for the Army's Social Work, orphanages, Rescue Homes, etc. It strikes us that this practical way of being thankful is not a bad one, and as the idea is not copyrighted, it might well be adopted by other churches in towns where the Army has no Bar-racks. It's a good thing! Push it along!"

Cosmopolitan Personalia.

RIGHT ROYAL was the reception of Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker, on their return from England. A steamer was chartered for the eager welcomers in which they sailed down the Lower Hay and hailed their Leaders as the Majestic came into line. This was followed by a great and enthusiastic march to Memorial Headquarters. Love, loyalty and holy joy showed on the faces of the welcomers.

Lieutenant-Colonels William R. Evans and Keppell, with Majors Gifford and Glenn, of the United States War, are all under farewell orders.

Staff-Captain Elma Vickery, whose years of faithful service both in the Office and Slum work have endeared her name to hundreds of hearts, is leaving New York Headquarters for an Indian appointment.

Major Caygill is again in his old place at the Trade Light, New York Headquarters.

Lieutenant-Colonel Perry is said to be the generator of the placard, "Soul Saved Willie You Wait."

Adjutant Wilgery, of British Guiana is in bad health, but notwithstanding, the war under his command is going on to increasing victory.

The "Doers' Blahen" is the title with which the Social Gazette gives Major Moulton. He has the spiritual oversight of men assisted by our Social Wing in Great Britain.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester is to preside at a meeting where Mrs. Bramwell Booth will speak, in his own drawing-room.



"A public-house tride."

She's a Puffed Angel,

she is, s'pose she never grows a d'y older.

"A coster's life is a rough 'un, sir, and the drinkin' 'abits, puttin' dah, the mocker, makes it rougher still. Yer see, if yer does a public-hallse tride, they expects ye to spend money wiv them, and drink their severer-shah."

"Well, wen me farver dies, 'e 'ad a few pands in th' bank, 'an a tidy biz-ness, an' I comes into th' 'ole lot, an' mebbe a tidy respectabale donah, who's been a good gal to me."

"Bimeby I extends my tride, an' gets a lot o' publicans as customers. But thees! I ain't agoin' to pitch a long yarn! I gits mixed up wiv a lot o' drinkin' pals, an' in course ye know wot that means. I soon finds aht that the booze is lyin' 'old o' me somethin' dreadful. I neglected my biz-ness, an' my little pile at the bank was slowly meltin' awy like

A Chuck o' Ice

on a 'ot summer's d'y."

"Year arter year comes along and little Nell 'ad reached 'er fifti' summer. She were a beauty, strite, an' I wus prand on 'er, Nohedy else 'ad such a kid for miles rand."

"The wife an' th' nipperas wus in the 'ab' 'ol goin' to th' 'Cove every Sunday nah whilst yer 'umble, wiv a string o' pals, were rand the pubs a-puttin' dahh the liquor traffic, in sarm-ples. But I wouldn't go wiv 'er. Not me! I

Didn't Care a Rap

for religion. Not as I 'ated it; but religion wusn't in my line."

"One Sunday nah I goes 'ome as usual, pretty full. Wife sez 'Ned, won't yer knock off the drink, an' let us 'elp each uver to be good? Fink 'ow 'appy we could be!'"

"Wen I 'eard 'er talk like that, ye could 'ave knocked me dahh wiv a crow-bar!"

"I wish I could knock off the drink, ole gal!" I sez. "I wish all the publicans wus was—"

"'Sived, my wife puts in. 'Listen, Ned, she sez, 'I've bime by a new woman, and—"

"'A new woman?' I exclains, larfin'. 'Ho! I s'pose ye wants a bibe an' ye'll go rand to perillit meetin' an' do some spahin'?"

"'Naw, she sez, a kisin' me: 'I've become a Salvationist! I've 'ad my sins forgiven, an' God has

Chinged My 'art!

Well, this arrancement tuk my bray awy? 'What next?' I gasps."

"'Couldn't we all be Salvationists in this hahse, Ned?' she harks. 'Cos Ned, she sez, 'God can sive ye from th' drink. Well, guv'nor, I weren't no bloomin' 'eathen, tho' I was a rough 'un; but I knew for cert she was a chinged woman; so I sez, 'Til fink abut it, ole gal! And wiv that I d'y an' ahts to me biz-ness. My conscience nearly burned my chest aht that I wus, an' I tried to drain it wiv drink; but it wus N. G. Fust prize idjut I was, strite!"

"The wife treated me a thousand times kinder nar. Yus, she wus a better gal in every way. One Sunday tene my little Nell climbs onto m'

"I finks arf a mo', and then I says, 'Yus, I'll come some night wiv ye. But she wouldn't leave orf. She begins to talk to me abah't 'Eaven, and she sings—'Oh, Jesus is the One I love!'"

"If it'd bin any one else a-talkin' 'o me, I'd 'ave got mad; but my darlin' Neel wus so winnin' an' gentle in her w'y's! Even wen I wus a silly beer-mopper I fair worshipped that kid. My life 'ad allus bin a rough, dreary and cheerless one; but wen my little dove come she wus just as if a hangel 'ad come into th' hahse."

"Well, guv'nor, I went to th' Army meetin' arter orf. Me an' the wife an' th' nipper. I'd seen Th' Ormy abshide meny a time; but I'd never bin inside a barricks before."

"That was a fair knockaht, an' no errands my 'ole comes an' shikes 'ands wiv my wife, an' kisses 'er. Neel, an' they looks curiously abut me, 'cos I was a

Run-Looking Card,

strite! Bimeby the meetin' begins. They sings aht the program—'War Cry, I mean—"

"'Would Jesus 'ave the sinner die?' It were a paralyze, it were! 'There wus my wife and little Nell a-singin' like Madam Patter!'"

"'Sing Dad!' says Neel. 'Down't be afride!' She were a cert-droo! 'At last my 'ed dahh, an' on'y listened. That wus orf I could do. Then they pr'y's and sings agin'. Then they 'as some testimonies. Well, theer! I fought I 'ad nerves; but them there testimonies from sived drunkards an' blackguards reerly tuk the ban. I was a corner. I wished I was a tharsand miles awy, 'awkin vegetables rand abah't the hahses. But that was nuffin! At last my wife sits up on 'er pr'y's! 'He testifies that God sived 'er, an' mide 'er into a prayin' woman! And she harks the prayers o' the comrades ford 'er unsived 'usband. Theer! I fought I wus knocked before, but this was the finisher!"

"It was

The Captin's Turn

next. 'E preached a sermon from the tenth o' St. John's Gospel, abah't the Good Shep'erd an' the lost sheep, but the best sermon I'd 'eard in m' life."

"I only remembers nar that I wus feerly smashed up. Then arter this the prayer meetin' begins. They comes rand dahh. My wife sez, 'Ned, I'm prayin' for yer!'"

"I sez, 'Ere, Liz, chuck it, I'm killed!' 'Little Nell puts 'er arm rand yer neck, an' sez, 'Thee Jesus wants yer to be good!' That broke m' heart: my darlin' Neel talkin' like that to a rough bloke like me. My 'eart busted into tears."

"The Captin's wife was kneellin' by m' side, a-pleadin' wiv me. 'Come to the Mercy-Seat,' she sez, 'an' pray. It'll be a great 'elp."

"'Little Nell—God bless 'er!—I led me aht o' m' geat towards the penitent-cryin', an' I knelt dahh. Talk abah't cryin'! A fooneral weren't in it! My



WAR CRY WITNESS-BOX

War Cry Correspondent Krieger, of Edmonton, Tells the Story of His Conversion.

The story of my conversion is but simple and brief. I have told it again and again, and now, with gladness of heart am sending it wherever the "Cry" will carry it.

For years I wandered in sin, far from God and the path in which I was taught to walk when a child. I had no thought of doing anything good, and only sought to satisfy SELF. But in many ways and times God spoke to me. Several times I came near being killed; and when afterwards I would look at the narrow escape, a sort of horror would creep over me, for I felt I was not ready to die; then afterwards would only curse my luck.

God's Spirit Never Fully Forsook Me.

I was often troubled, and many times desired to be saved, which I could not accomplish in my own strength.

One evening, after I had been in Edmonton a short time, I was at the Skating Rink, as I then thought, enjoying myself, when the Army marched past, singing, "Say, poor sinner, wouldn't you like to go," etc. The Spirit of God took a hold of me in such a way as it had never done before. I felt I wanted Salvation, and wanted to meet my sainted mother, who had gone before.

Spiritual Daggers and Swords Pierced My Soul.

The band in attendance struck up some lively tune again, and Satan succeeded in covering and closing my—to me for a moment—opened heart again; but not for long, for the Spirit of God went home with me that night. I was so miserable that a few evenings later I knelt at the Army pentment-form and cried to God to save me. He lifted my soul out of a pit full of consuming fire. He blotted out the sins which brought such condemnation upon my soul, when I do not want to experience again. Glory to God!

Every day He enables me to give Him my whole heart, and render Him such service as lies in my power.

Satan's Great Aim is to Keep the Conscience of the Sinner Asleep.

but the time never fails to come when it awakes—awakes to the realities that "I am condemned in the sight of God." Often have I tried to picture to myself and others the terror that must come upon a soul when it comes to death's door, standing with sin for years. Awful! Awful! I will be the fate of many an unsaved sinner who, perhaps, never comes to repentance—when, when perhaps on his death-bed—as has been the case of thousands of times—instead of having some one to pray with him—as people always think they will have—is put off under the soothing influence of some drug, administered by physicians, which causes him to pass away quietly, painlessly. Methinks I can see the grinning devil of hell who have so cleverly allured the Salvation procrastinator thus far, awaiting his soul with trembling, for something is yet being done to save him. Not till the pangs of hell lick his soul, does

The Sinner Realize What He has Missed.

Too late! Too late! Too late!!! Oh, wretched sinner, awake! Why will you sell your precious, never-dying soul for the miserable things which are but dung in the eyes of the Christian? Salvation! Now flee from the coming wrath! Amen.

There is a Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath its flood
Loose all their guilty stains.

The imports into Britain from Canada are, it is said, advancing by leaps and bounds. The per cent. increase shown on the eight months' total. The chief increases are in cattle, wheat, cheese, butter, fish and wood.

"I have spent the first honest day's work of my life." Thus spoke a recent convert of the Simple Corps and ex-"crook" in an office conference a few days ago. The other day the Editor-in-Chief saw the same lad saved and happy, and with the corners of hard work and honest industry, the hands to which were once accustomed only to the thief's sleight-of-hand. Another pillar to support the answer to the threadbare snorer: "But do your converts stand?"

STRANGE LOVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCOTCH JANET."

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"What were the nature of the references to the Delt?"

"Why, one man actually prayed that the Holy Ghost might work upon the legions of the pit; and another excited, harem-scarem-looking individual shouted at the pitch of his voice something about ramming the devil's kingdom like a man-o'-war. I tell you that I could scarcely endure the opening prayers."

The vicar rose from his chair. He could scarcely believe his ears. "Have you fared well from your senses, Miss Amos? What new theory have you adopted that makes vulgarity a virtue?"

"I do not uphold vulgarity."

"Explain," said the rev. gentleman impatiently, resuming his seat.

"Why, Mr. Fitzgibbon, I am delighted to learn that The Army has got hold of the vulgar. That is all. They do not go to church!"

"No!"

"Then, why object to The Army having them?"

"Because I saw nothing—I heard nothing that was calculated to ennoble them."

"Strange! Did they read the Bible?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Were there not several who testified to being reformed drunkards, and the like?"

"Oh! yes—one or two."

factory evidence, and I shall feel compelled to write Mr. Richard to run up to town and reason you out of the unfortunate delusion these people seem to be allying you into."

"Which I think both unfair and undignified."

"The issues demand it, Miss Amos."

"What are the issues?"

"You must be strangely blind if you do not see that your friend, Mr. Featherstone, is too loyal in his attachment to the Church of his fathers to compromise his future by continuing an alliance with one who is evidently on the verge of becoming a heretic."

"Mr. Fitzgibbon, I am surprised!"

"Well, I withdraw 'heretic' and substitute 'fanatic.' The religion of The Salvation Army is, I am convinced, founded on pure emotion."

"If the emotions are stirred by the Truth of God, I think, as a clergyman, you should rejoice in the fruit that follows. What does it matter if I reach the knowledge of the grace of God by the quiet study of my Bible, in the silence of my room, or Tom, Dick, and Harry find it in a fit of remorse at the pentment-form of The Salvation Army? We all get there. And it is there we must all get at, is it not?"

"Upon my word, Miss Amos, you speak with the energy of a paid agent. I really will have to drop a line to

Miss—"what are your intentions?" It was Richard Featherstone who spoke. He had acted hastily, on the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Fitzgibbon, and sought an interview with Miss Amos. The conversation had gone on for an hour, during which Miss Amos had spoken with a tenderness and resolution which made a deep impression upon the worldly mind of the young man. But the impression was momentary. The tempter was his master. The prospect of the world's frown, which he could not endure, and in the spirit of a bargain-maker he flung the question, just stated, in the teeth of the girl who, up to a few weeks before, he had professed to love unto death.

"I have stated them, Dick."

"Then you really intend throwing in your lot with The Salvation Army?"

"If my consecration to the service of God should mean that I die, dying for Christ's sake, I will gladly do it."

"I can't understand you."

"There is only one pathway to Heaven, and that is by the Cross."

"Which you interpret as The Salvation Army?"

"As far as I can see at present, yes—unless you or any one else can convince me to the contrary."

"Then you must choose between my engagement and—"

"One word, Richard Featherstone. You are a gentleman and a man of honour. As such I think the responsible rests with you."

"Then I repeat, are you going to stand by these people?"

"I am—they are the people of God."

"Then our engagement is at an end."

(To be Continued).

BIVOUAC BITS.

That old American backwoods preacher, Jacob Kruber, had a strange, blunt way of saying things. A graduate of a college once asked Jacob how it was his church had no doctors of divinity. "Our divinity is not sick and does not need doctoring!" said the old man. A witty, satirical old creature, this Kruber—able, learned, sarcastic and eloquent. He lived during the days of the Revolution in America, and being called on to pray on some great public occasion, he delivered himself of the following petition: "O Lord, have mercy on the Sovereigns of Europe; convert their souls and give them short lives and happy deaths!"

—10—

A certain Leaguer was sent to ship just before the Jubilee Review. He took with him his inescapable musical instrument—the bagpipes—and stowed them away for future use.

On the night of the review there came a storm, the sky blackened, thunder roared, lightning flashed, and on many it had a most depressing effect.

"Well, I've nothing to fear!" smiled our Leaguer to himself, and promptly fetched his "pipes" to the fore'sie for a time.

"I'm bound for the land of the pure and the holy!" buzzed out over the ship, and soon his mates gathered around to enjoy a "concert of sacred music" on that all-embracing instrument, the bagpipes!

It rained at length, but the Leaguer only got under cover, and buzzed and hummed and screeched away louder than ever.

Duty called at length, and the last wall died away into silence, but soon there came a call from the captain of the ship, who had his wife, a clergyman and a number of friends off for the evening.

"Bring your bagpipes," ran the summons.

For just a minute or two the party had to wait. The Leaguer popped away into a quiet place, and asked that God might be glorified by the performance. The guests were a little astonished to hear the "pipes" hum out: "Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem," instead of the reel they were expecting, followed by two or three well-known Army tunes.

"Thank you very much," said the Captain's wife, graciously, "you will take some wine, will you not?"

"I never drink wine, thank you," replied the Leaguer.

"I am glad of that," replied the lady, unexpectedly.

Thereupon the Leaguer explained that the reason why he did not drink wine was that he considered his soul, but, to judge by the expressions of the rest of the party, that kind of out-spoken Christian was not so very welcome. Perhaps they sensed a sermon, or worse, a tract, in that earnest appeal; at any rate, our lad found himself quite free to depart after his frank declaration of God and Salvation.

—Major Margaret Allen, the Naval and Military League.



"Then our engagement is at an end."

"Did you make the personal acquaintance of any?"

"No, my friend, Miss Amos?"

"I have. Why do you think divinity in our charwoman (and she is a Salvationist) than I ever learned through any deacon?"

"Comparisons!"

"Well, take the argument of that charwoman's life. It not merely abounds in self-denial for her children—the instinct of motherhood is quite sufficient to carry a woman to death for her offspring—but her order, and her intelligence is of a high order, and her joy in God so sublime that I have learned more of what real Christianity is through her than I have done in all the books I have read and sermons I have heard."

"Then, Miss Amos," asked the Vicar, somewhat haughtily, "Christianity is only reflected through reformed drunkards and charwomen?"

"No, I did not say so—God forbid! He is no respecter of persons; but you do not seem to credit that it can be so reflected, and that in the case of The Salvation Army it is reflected through such people."

"No; I cannot, without more satis-

Dick—fine fellow, brilliant prospects, getting on fine, until this crazy overtook you. Can't you look at the future, Miss Amos?" the clergyman pleaded.

"That is just what I am doing, and I see nothing for me but to abide by the conviction that I must free myself of every worldly tie and place myself in God's hands to follow Jesus Christ wherever He may lead."

"Then my good offices are useless, Miss Amos. I will see you again. Good afternoon."

As she turned her back upon the Vicar, a strange and hitherto unperceived joy filled the girl's soul, and as she walked toward the Seminary it seemed as if Jesus was by her side all the way. As yet she did not know that this was the witness of the Divine Spirit's favour and acceptance of her consecration vows. She was happy, ineffably happy, and yet she wept that night for Dick Featherstone, her lover. She would try and lead him into the same joy.

CHAPTER IV.—THE FINAL CHOICE.

"Miss Amos!"—with emphasis on the

TORONTO'S

Rescue Anniversary.

DR. THOMAS IN THE CHAIR.

Stirring Tributes Paid to the Army's Principles and Efforts—Mrs. Brigadier Read Tells of the Year's Progress.



THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK bears a good name in Toronto and worthy. Last Thursday's meeting may well be considered a kind of emphasis to the kindly feeling already existing towards this branch of our work, and one of those seasons when the outspoken sentiments of outside friends give an index to the under current of sympathy and Christian love which many members of other organizations extend towards us.

The Temple platform presented a tasteful and unique appearance as Brigadier Compin escorted

The Black-Clothed Specials

to the front. The Rescue Officers and Sisters of the League of Mercy, in their white-sashed regalia, were grouped one side, a band of pleasant-faced, brave-hearted women of God, pleasing to look upon. Upon the other hand were seated a contingent from the Children's Shelter, the children wearing a uniform of white dresses and dainty red caps, while their Officers appeared in their large white aprons as at home. A mingling of Temple and Lissgar Street bandiana behind produced a noble sound and show of brass, which not only pleased the crowd, but received the comment of the press.

The ground-floor of the large Auditorium was nicely filled by a well-attended throng, amongst whom, while we noticed numbers of our usual friends and our own Soldiers, there were also visible entirely new faces of those who evidently on Exhibition intent had taken into their sight-seeing the present occasion.

In the unavoidable absence of the Rev. George Turk, Dr. Thomas took the chair—the front row of the platform also containing the Rev. C. O. Johnston, the Rev. Mr. Scott, Brigadier Mrs. Read, Brigadier Compin, Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, Mrs. Staff-Captain Harraves and others.

The Chairman's sympathy with our work here was not begun yesterday, and a storm of applause greeted the upstanding of this old and tried friend. His presence was the more appreciated when it was known that although suffering from considerable physical indisposition, he had come there that night. "Indeed," he said, "had this been a meeting of my own I could not have come. I was sick, but after the welcome I have received, I certainly feel better."

"To the front, the cry is ringing," went with a swing, and then the Rev. C. O. Johnston fervently implored the blessing of God upon the crowd. The Chairman's speech was a brief one, but he took time enough to say some warmly sympathetic words. Here are some of them:

"I am very glad to be here. I believe in the Social aspect of Christianity; I believe Christianity to be a practical thing. I don't believe Christianity to be a thing of creeds and



One of the Helped.

formulas. I don't believe Christianity can show its qualities under the roof of a Church, but it has to get out somewhere. I believe it is a thing that has hands, and feet, and eyes, and above all a heart. I believe really to make a confession, that the Salvation



Army has shown an example in very many directions of Christian activity. Now, I believe that the churches are doing something. I believe the Churches are doing a great work. I believe they are doing a great Social work and a great benevolent work and a great missionary work; but I don't believe the Churches are doing a great Rescue work. I don't know of a Church that has had the courage to grapple with this great situation. Blessed be God.

You have had Courage to take Hold of it, you have launched out into the deep; and you have not tolled all night and caught nothing."

"A heart that is too selfish to rejoice with another denomination is too short-sighted to come within telescope range of the Golden City," said the Rev. Mr. Scott as he read the story of the lost sheep and smilised the joy of its recovery with the finding of fallen humanity which the Army undertook and accomplished.

"There is medicine in noise," said the Rev. C. O. Johnston. "Dr. Thomas said after the reception he received he felt better. I used to wonder what the meaning of the virtue of noise was, and I found out that while it might

not perhaps attract the Lord, it certainly sometimes did scare the devil. (Applause).

"I sometimes feel that I was designated for the Salvation Army because I have more voice than is necessary for the Church. And, sir, in a room above the Methodist Church on Agnes Street, about fourteen years ago, I attended the beginning of the Salvation Army work in Toronto, and led in prayer and shouted for them at the start. (Amen!)" What is more, I went and stayed a whole night with them, and—

Came Out a Better Man in the Morning.

He concluded with a stirring appeal for out-and-out fighters of evil and up-lifters of the fallen, saying:

"If your heart is not touched till your lips move in prayer—till your hand goes into the exchequer of your pocket—until you can go out of your way for the rescue of the perishing—if you are not willing to overcome sneers—to gladly help the disheartened and fight against demons and be a strong swimmer of the Gospel, rescuing those who are perishing, there is no Christ Jesus with you, and you have no right to the glorious name of manhood or glorious womanhood. There are some glorious women tramping the streets trying to rescue those who are far away from Christ's fold. This world will never put up a monument for them as high as it ought to be, but the men and women who are willing to get down and help the perishing for Christ's sake shall get up for His sake by-and-by. I come to you with the sympathy of all my heart and with the sympathy of all my people with whom I am toiling for Christ. You will do no work that will be greater and get no greater success than I will wish for you."

The announcement of a song from the children was met with general approval. Despite Mrs. Read's apology for their unavoidable sleepiness, so far

REV. DR. THOMAS,
Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

work brought enthusiastic volleys. He said:

"We are in danger of having the Lord say, 'I was sick and the Committee visited me'; I was in prison and you sent the Committee after me, and we shall have no individuality at all. Give for alms those things that are within. It is because we give our money and send the Committee that we do not reach and save them. Thank God for those who are doing the rescuing. The whole City ought to rejoice that the Army is taking up this work, and if the loyal citizens won't do it themselves,

They Ought to do it by Proxy

and help them with their money."

A playful rally between two of the rev. gentlemen as to who should change pulpits with the Army's Commissioner next ministerial exchange, a united singing of the Doxology and Benediction closed a meeting which has certainly marked an epoch in the history of Toronto's branch of the Women's Social Work.

Great credit is due to Mrs. Brigadier Read for the well-planned arrangement for the demonstration.

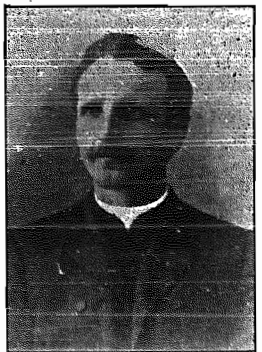
The daily press took especial notice of the occasion. The Globe, Telegram, Mail and Empire, World and Star each reporting the meeting, to which The World devoted half a column of its pages.

A gentleman in Port Elizabeth has volunteered to give Mrs. Commissioner Riddsell a piece of land on which to erect a Rescue Home, with the liberty to sell and apply the money to the same. If the plot of ground were found unsuitable for the purpose.

CANDIDATES, ATTENTION!

The Commissioner has decided that Candidates for Women's Social Work, Children's Shelter, etc., shall in future apply direct to the Women's Social Secretary, instead of to the Provincial Officer as heretofore. Candidates suitable for this branch are urgently needed, and should address their communications to

MRS. BRIGADIER READ,
Territorial Headquarters,
Albert Street, Toronto.

REV. C. O. JOHNSTON
Bathurst Street Methodist Church.REV. R. E. SCOTT,
St. Paul's Methodist Church.

after their usual bed-time, they sang sweetly and well, and their shrill "volley" at the finish showed that they were evidently wide awake. Tears moistened some eyes, as it was told how their presence in the Shelter had saved them from lives of sorest danger to all that was good and happy.

Mrs. Brigadier Read, as Secretary for the Women's Social Work, gave the figures for the year, and added some arguments as to the reason for the work and the principles upon which it was sustained. She told of the persistent love and work of our Officers in this cause, and said that she traced all the success—and there had been a great deal given, seeing that

Seventy-Five per cent. were Satisfactory Cases

—back to the standard aim of a radical change in heart, as well as reform in life. Mrs. Read also mentioned the Governmental recognition of our work in many cities, a significant sign for present and future warfare in the interests of the despairing and degraded. "If the Churches don't do the Rescue Work, then they ought to pay for it!" cried Mr. Scott. His commendation of the no-go-between policy of Army

WHAT TO READ.

A WOULD-BE GRACE DARLING.—(Frontispiece).
 HOLINESS SERIES III.—WEATHER-COCK WARRIORS.—By A. L. P.
 RESCUE ANNIVERSARY.
 A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE. — By H. K.
 TERRITORIAL THEMES.—By Territorial Secretary.
 AN INTERVIEW WITH BRIGADIER SHARP.
 THE COSTER'S CONVERSION.
 SERIAL STORIES:—"DAD SLOSS," and "STRANGE LOVES." (Continued).
 HELPS.
 SONGS, etc., etc.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTION—
 LIEUTENANT ROBERT KEELER, of Stratford, to be Captain.
 LIEUTENANT SCOTT, last on furlough, to be Captain at Billings.
 LIEUTENANT McLEOD, of North Sydney, to be Captain.
 CADET POLLOCK, to be Lieutenant at Carleton.
 CADET PHILLIPS, to be Lieutenant at Butte.
 (Sgd.) EVANGELINE BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

OUR CONQUERING COMMISSIONER.

OUR HEARTS are hot with gratitude to God for the mighty measure of success which thus early has fallen upon our Leader's Eastern Campaign. Only such abbreviated messages as wired reports have as yet had time to reach us, but even from those scant reports we seem to catch the enthusiasm of the Eastern achievement. Our faith went with her, followed her, and remains with her, and God is proving Himself to be once more as good as His Word in giving all necessary grace and glory for the engagements of our Commissioner's tour. Especially do our hearts rejoice over the souls which have been won whose Salvation will remain to tell the tale of victory when the Commissioner's path has swept onward to inspire and cheer comrades in other parts of the Territorial battlefield.

AN UNFETTERED FRIEND.

That the secular press of this country is more than ordinarily outspoken and advanced in its position on all moral and philanthropic topics of the hour, we have had many indications. Indeed, so far ahead has the journalism often been of the agitator, that the newspaper has positively forced the populace to higher and more pronounced steps in favor of more unselfish tenets in the principles of politics and practice. We are not too optimistic for the future, nor do we exaggerate their fairness of press vision to an actual expency of the Christ spirit in present day principles, for it has not gone so far up as that; but the degree of uncompromising statement in the interests of freedom and the common weal we cannot but recognize as such and praise God for. The Army has come in for a good share of the comment of this high-minded journalism. It is not the first time that the Blood-and-Fire Flag has helped to disclose and bring out the best in its outlookers. There are not a few places in this Territory where opposition has been silenced completely by the friendly and above all fair attitude of the local press. No City can move independent of its newspapers. One of the latest instances of our argument's demon-

stration was seen recently at Great Falls, when The Daily Tribune, of that City, took up the cudgels of defence for our Officer, Captain McFee, who had been, they deemed—and rightly— unjustly convicted of legal offence. Of course there have been exceptions to this almost universal justice, but as a whole the Army of this Territory has to acknowledge the assistance of an impartial press and recognize the many advantages and opportunities which accompany it.

FIRE AT COLLINGWOOD.

(Special).

Visit of Brigadier Read and Adjutant Stanyon owned of God. Corps met them at Depot on Saturday night. Big open-air followed. Rumors of ghosts and goblins to be seen outside house, where the Provincial Officer and his A. D. C. billeted. None seen. Holy Ghost felt, however. Biggest number at knee-drill for months. Splendid outdoor meetings Sunday. Good collections. Bountiful supply of Harvest Festival gifts of all kinds. Captain Smith, her Lieutenant, Comrades and friends worked hard. Splendid audiences. Bright prospects for the Fall and Winter. Man decided on the street to get saved, came to Barracks and found mercy. He had resisted God's Spirit for thirty years. Great sale of kind Monday night. Three souls.

A Colonel of the Royal Finnish Army and his wife early secured seats for the General's meetings in Helsinki.

Ishen, the well-known Norwegian poet, was among the subscribers to the last Self-Denial Fund in his native land.

There has been some alarm at the North Indian Headquarters owing to wolves having been prowling around at night.

Sir Robert Stout, K. C. M. G., presided over the annual meeting of the Army's Social work in Wellington, New Zealand.

Ink-making is one of the industries carried on in the Falzabad Famine Children's Home. The bottles are stamped with the Army crest.

A clergyman of Brooklyn, U. S. A., has just inspected our Social operations in the Old Country, and declared the one-tenth part had never been told him.

The Provost at Kirkintilloch was in an Army meeting the other night, and in response to the Lieutenant's invitation rose and gave a hearty testimony.

Efforts amongst the Amazons are progressing. Souls have been saved since Commissioner Riddell's visit, and a future of bright usefulness appears to be beyond.

In the Gujarat Province of our Indian War, there are now 30 properly established day-schools, and the Provincial Officer is very anxious to open another ten at once.



BRIGADIER and MRS. SHARP and little EVA.



A RUSSIAN LADY is studying Army principle and practice in London, England.

Major Nursi Gopal reports six Bheel and Nalk Candidates for the work.

A Lieutenant at Norseman, Australia, walked 55 miles each week to sell Crvs.

Sir Walter Besant, the famous novelist, is much interested in our Prison Gate Work.

A Committee of ladies near Cape Town have transferred a Rescue Home to the Army.

Chief Justice Way, from South Australia, is visiting the English Farm and City Colonies.

Another Famine Home, to hold 50 children, has been opened in a village ten miles from Poona.

Mr. Claus Sprackles has promised a donation of \$1,000 towards the proposed Sugar Beet Colony.

\$2,625 was raised at the recent Social Meeting in the Town Hall, Melbourne, at which Lord Brassey presided.

Among the outcasts who recently slept on the Thames embankment was a man formerly almost a millionaire.

Billings was opened by Staff-Captain Watson as a Salvation Army Corps on September 11th.

"We want another as good as the advanced," was the request of a gentleman applying to the Army for a good reliable servant, having just been supplied with one of this character.

A representative of the Westminster Gazette has been writing up "Dad Sloss." He first met his hero outside of Pentonville Prison in the act of trying to get ex-Jail-birds to the Prison Gate Home.

Consul Booth-Tucker is contemplating a great sale of work to be held about the end of October in the Memorial Hall, New York, of which the entire proceeds are to be devoted to the "Watts and Strays' Home."

The General has consented to the purchasing of a large estate called "Beef Acres," about six miles from Adelaide, for work in connection with the Prison Gate Home. This estate is said to be the best in South Australia.

Cheboygan, Michigan, has a flourishing Salvation Army Corps. Firm that warrior centre have gone many warriors for the fight. Six children out of one family in this city are now Officers in various parts of the United States.

The Prohibition Park Camp Meeting has been a large success. Organization has done much for its splendid arrangements, and the newspapers are already paying it good attention. The Commander and Consul's engagement is expected to be the climax.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN THE EAST.

Salvation Cyclones at Fredericton and St. John, N. B.

Vast Audiences—Overwhelming Enthusiasm—Forty-Two Souls.

Fredericton, Sept. 11th.

Commissioner royally welcomed Fredericton. Met station by Mrs. Henry Chastant, Judge Steadman, other citizens, Salvationists and friends. Waited hour and half train. Great excitement. Hall crowded. Commissioner captivated crowd. Showers of blessing. Thirteen souls. Everybody cheered.

MAJOR FUGMIRE.

St. John, N.B., Sept. 13th.

Field Commissioner Sunday St. John most marvellous success. Moohan's Institute gorged afternoon and night. City stirred. Great excitement. The Commissioner wonderfully upheld. Her every word, eloquent appeal laid tremendous hold on the audience. Sinners wept. Twenty-nine souls, sixteen of which were volunteers. One hundred and five dollars. Colonel Higgins assisted. Great expectations to-night's meeting.

MAJOR FUGMIRE.

BURNING QUESTIONS.

The city is full of spiritual uncleanness; how is it to be purged out? By the Spirit of Judgment—by the Spirit of burning—by fire—by the Holy Ghost!

But this the unconverted have not got. Bigoted to say so? It is written—it is in the recorded words of the Gospel.

"Whom the world cannot receive, for they see Him not; neither know Him; but ye know Him." Hallelujah! "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Glory!

But unless we live, as Mrs. Herbert Booth most wisely observes—unless we live praying always—we shall lose our consciousness of evil—we shall cease to hate it as we should.

For we have to swim against the stream. Foul expressions are common in so-called "respectable" mouths; drunkenness is considered chiefly as a matter for humorous treatment; everybody, including many professors of religion, are coveting one or other of the great lottery prizes! Such is the world! We must be in it, but God forbid we should be of it!

"For every idle word!" Doubtless indeed is the Word of the Spirit, and "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly appear?" The latter will say anything, almost, except their prayers, and those, as one of the most decent of them recently acknowledged to the writer, "I don't even whistle!"

No wonder they have the audacity to wish to change the Supreme Name out of the constitution! Their grand scheme, meanwhile, is afforded a conspicuous place on the advertisement boards of the city—Brandy!

What preserve from corruption? Salt! Comrades, we are the salt! Oh, let us not: se our saviour! Cold or hot!—which shall it be? Hot? Amen! Amen! "Spirit of burning, come!"

ACHAZ.

In a meeting led by Colonel Bailey at Okoyama, Japan, 25 Buddhist priests listened with eager attention, gave liberally to the collection, bought the Japanese War Cry, and three of them next day came to the Officers' Quarters to ask more of the Salvation which the Army taught was for them.

COMING SOON.

ALL ABOUT LONDON.
 HOLINESS SERIES IV.—PASSION FOR SOULS.—By A. L. P.
 NEW SERIAL—THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

Territorial Themes.

By the TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

The Commissioner has gone East. It took quite a wrench to break loose from the multitude of questions of varied character and considerably perplexing magnitude which engrossed her attention. The Self-Dental printing matter and the "Book of Interference" cases, eight patent cases, marriages, transfers, farewells, and a hundred and one other items had all in turn to be cleared up-to-date prior to her departure.

That God is going to signally bless and successfully use our devoted, skillful, and loved leader by her Maritime tour, Major Pugmire's glowing press telegrams from Fredericton and St. John give good omen. We trust that her meetings will, like rolling snowballs, gather as they go in interest, in power, and in far-reaching results.

Many have been the spontaneous expressions of profit received, as well as of delight experienced, which have been breathed into the writer's ears concerning that moonlight meeting of the Commissioner's at the Farm. "Let us have some more like it, Commissioner," is the evident verdict of those who had the good fortune to attend it.

Major Southall has been to Headquarters "on business," of course. The dear old W. O. P. is evidently to be made no faster than ever. The Major is enthusiastic in this determined anticipation, to which, as also to him and his brave troops we bid the most hearty God-speed.

"It is a pleasant as well as a healthy significance that among the more than fifty cases of one kind and another decided upon by the Commissioner and referred to previously, five were the general expression of old Comrades that there was no place like home." Others, too, are in "the valley of decision." God guide and speed every one of them to the right issue.

One of the latest decisions of the Field Commissioner will mean that every resting Staff and Field Officer, after being on furlough a month will in future receive a personal letter from the Commissioner direct every month. This is one more evidence of the Commissioner's thought and of care for her devoted Comrades-in-Arms.

This very day, Adjutant Thos. Adams and Adjutant Mitchell are joining bands for life, and for better or for worse. They are both "well-tried and found faithful" veterans, and have done good service. God crown their faithful work with a two-fold increase of blessing and success.

By-the-by, is it a craze that has struck the community of Army Officers, or what? Some strong claims are being put in on the engagement and marriage line. No Army Officer, please, I hope they all read the War Cry,—one, I am convinced, is a great reader.

Great interest centres in the coming Massey Hall meeting, and the procession which, after the morning singing, will precede it. "The Salvation Army Illustrated" is the idea that will, in living reality, be powerfully portrayed in the sight and hearing of the crowds who will witness a most stirring and striking features of this up-to-date procession.

Sleigh-bells will play us tunes, dumb and bar-bells will swing in time with the announcement to such a wondrous music as is seldom heard in Army circles.

Color will lend its attraction to the many phases of Army work among the low and low; children's voices and movements will blend in rich and striking harmony with the peace of praise will swell and reach to Heaven.

Study the programme for details, or, at least for such details as are therein described. Pray for God's blessing to rest upon the Field Commissioner, clothing her with wisdom and piercing power. Pray for the poor wanderers and backsliders that through these meetings scores of them may be brought home.

A single fare and 15 cents will bring you to Toronto and back from any part of the Dominion. Save up and get ready!

A Staff change which, though only on a small scale, will affect every Province and will take place in October. Those interested will farewell on Sunday, October 11th.

J. E. M.

A STEADY, ALL-ROUND ADVANCE.

AND

Eight Prospective Corps Openings in East Ontario—Brigadier Sharp Tells Many Things to a War Cry Reporter.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE measures an area of some 138,240 square miles, and has a population of about 600,000. Some of the oldest Corps in the Territory are in East Ontario Province, which for the last fifteen months has been managed with a good deal of success by Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp.

The Brigadier recently paid a visit to the Constellation Territorial Headquarters, and very willingly submitted to a few queries by a member of the War Cry Staff, the gist of which is as follows:

"Keeping well, Brigadier?" (the question was hardly necessary, for the Brigadier weighs about one hundred and seventy-six pounds, and sails along with the easy air of a man who is not tormented with a bad liver, and enjoys life).

"Very well, thank's." "Mrs. Sharp?" "Just a bit tired; has gone for a few days' rest."

"How is East Ontario looking?" "Some up, some down."

"Does Ontario does a good thing with the War Cry, Brigadier?"

"Yes, we pretty well sell out the 5,559 War Crys and 1,059 Young Soldiers we take weekly. Of course, it is not the Towns, nor the Corps, nor the number of members which have to be handled by means of which we win our success in this line, but it is the Field Officers—upon them push they put, in the War Cry—selling our success depends."

"And you have a good number of pushers in your Province?" "Yes, quite a good number, who are interested in the sale of the War Cry."

"How is Harvest Festival coming out with you?" "We had one or two weak places, but we will do our target all right, and go fully \$300 over."

"That's good! And how is soul-saving?" "Very fair. We average—leaving back in the Editorial which has been placed at the Brigadier's disposal, and looking up at the ceiling in a contemplative attitude—400 conversions a month in our 40 Corps—fully 100."

"And the spirit of the Officers and Soldiers?" "First-class condition. We had a Candidates' Room a while ago, and in the last week there were fifteen applications for the work, the highest monthly total in the history of the Province. We wrote to every unmarried soldier and sailor, and we considered the needs of the War, and whether they ought not to come forward as Officers. Those who felt no special call to the service, but were full of the opportunities offered in the rank and file of the concern."

"How is public feeling towards the Army your way?" "Wherever the public are very friendly and good towards the Army."

"Not tired of you?" "Not tired by any means."

"Now is the Junior Soldier War?" "Well, we can report fair progress."

"What Corps are doing the best?" "In reply the Brigadier first mentioned Peterboro, Kingston, Montreal and Ottawa, which are his largest Corps, and then the Light Junior Work, but corrected himself by saying that "some of the smaller Corps in proportion to their opportunities are doing just as good, or not better."

"Have you any new openings in prospect, Brigadier?" "Yes, but owing to the removal of some of my Officers at the request of Headquarters, we have been unable to open up as quickly as I desired. The Field Commissioner has a request in from me for Officers, which, if accepted to, will, I trust, enable me to open eight new places this Fall. We had a

successful time at the re-opening of Montreal Barracks recently, with nine souls. Belleville and re-opened the 25th of September. Before your "Cry" is printed (now, here's a place of news) Adjutant Coombs and Mrs. Adjutant Mitchell will be joined together in holy matrimony. They are two faithful Officers who have won the love of Soldiers wherever they have been."

At this last announcement the War Cry man gave a smile and finished up the sentence with "Prosperity to them."

Continuing his mental survey of current happenings, the Brigadier said: "We have under consideration the making of a new Provincial Headquarters, and the plans are being got up for the same. In order to do this, we have remodelled the Junior Soldier Hall and Quarters for the Chancellor and the Field Officers, in addition to which there will be added a Band-room for the Corps, an office and Quarters for the Provincial Officers, and seating capacity for from 500 to 600 people will still be left in the Barracks." Just at this moment the Brigadier glanced out of the Editorial window and saw standing opposite a restaurant on the opposite side of the street, a sturdy Salvationist.

"See that man? That's Bandman Stevens of Peterboro. He has put up fifty jars of fruit for the Officers there." The War Cry man gave expression to his surprise, and the Junior Soldier Brigadier continued telling of Brother Stevens' good deeds. "Why," he said, "he gave a car-load of ashes for Self-Denial last year."

"And the War Cry man ejaculated, 'whatever for?'" "Why, to sell of course; they made \$50.00 out of them. Brother Stevens collected rags, bones and ashes from all the country around Peterboro. The ashes he exports to the United States. He employs a large number of men in the business. This was all by way of parenthesis, and the Brigadier continued:

"The public have asked for a Women's Shelter in Montreal. Something is needed as a refuge for the scores of drunken women who may be seen there. The Women's Social Secretary is aware of the need, and I have no doubt we will have an Institution of this sort before very long."

Returning again to Kingston, the Brigadier mentioned that Kingston Corps give 100 War Crys weekly for the use of the men in the Penitentiary there, which is equivalent to a donation of \$25 weekly. The War Cry is a great favorite with the men in the Penitentiary. They plead and clamor for it. In fact, when the Field Commissioner was there, they were upon her to supply them with at least one copy. We have other work in Kingston of a similar nature; for instance, there are two Hospitals, House of Providence and Local Jail, in all of which we hold meetings. Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Reeling have a special opportunity in connection with the Local Jail. As soon as a woman is arrested the authorities "phone through to the Mrs. Sharp or Mrs. Rawling, who go down, and acting in the capacity of Jail Matrons, search the prisoner; at the same time they have a chance to counsel and to them about spiritual things, and finish up with praying for them there."

A shout, and the sound of a hasty step for the next office, followed by the familiar figure of Brigadier Ramey abruptly terminated the interview so far as War Cry copy was concerned, for the three Salvationists plunged into the work on the Salvation Army's coal supply.

Brigadier Bennett says that the Northern Harvest Festival effort is going to be a glorious one.

A brand new plough, made by the Peter Hamilton Manufacturing Company, adorned the main entrance to the Temple in Toronto on Monday morning. This is designed for the Social Farm.

"Feel the weight and look at the colour!" said a man, holding out a dainty dummy of delicate hue. We looked curious. "A proposal for the Xmas War Cry," said the Trade Secretary. How ahead we are these days!

MIXTURES.

Ensign Shea is on furlough. He went East.

Major Southall speaks highly of the courtesy of the Press in West Ontario.

Twelve dollars were taken at the door at the Rescue Anniversary at the Temple.

Major Cousins and Staff-Captain Smith, of Buffalo, paid a flying visit to Toronto last week-end.

Ensign Fletcher is the happy possessor of three officers—all of excellent quality and original get-up.

Spokane Corps is taking unto itself a new dwelling. There are rumors of a Shelter in this vicinity in the near future.

The worthy superintendent of the Lifeboat reported himself at the Editorial sanctum to-day as beginning to feel his old self again.

ERRATUM—In last week's sketch of the Canadian Corps, Ensign Wakefield's length of Salvationism should read 13 years instead of 17, as stated.

MAJOR SOUTHALL is running a unique Four-Days' Campaign at London. His window-bill offers one of the most attractive programmes we have seen for a long time.

Captain Nellie Townsend, late of the Canadian Corps, visited our Headquarters in Toronto. Comrades, welcome the Captain to the Maple Leaf contingent of the Blood and Fire.

Food and Shelter, Industrial Wood-Yard, Labor Bureau and Old Clothes Missin is the list of Social Departments under Adjutant Phillips' care in Victoria, B. C.

Captain Dodge is taking up another charge at the Lifeboat, but this time under different circumstances, seeing that his marriage has taken place at the interim.

Major Marshall, of the N. P. Chief Division, visited our Spokane Headquarters the other day. The Major is an old friend of Brigadier Howells', and his Chancellor was at one time their D. O.

The Rustler is the suggestive title of the Pacific Provincial Officers' appeal. Issued every fortnight, it seems likely to be an inspiring energiser to the privileged community, for whom it is published.

Brigadier Sharp told one of the members of the War Cry Staff, on his recent visit to Headquarters, that very often the War Cry man has made a means of blessing and of souls being saved through it. Hallelujah! Good old paper! speed on your course of love and Salvation!

The Captain was away on a much-needed furlough, and there were no specials. But the little Lieutenant buckled to his task and had the joy of seeing another notable case of conversion at the penitentiary-form. This at Yorkville last Sunday.

The Editor-in-Chief and Mrs. Compington have been suffering from severe influenza colds—of that character which is called by that name before "la grippe" was imported. However, they are now convalescent,—Baby Grace included.

Brother Walter Scott's testimony, which appeared in our last issue, is all the more interesting in its connection with the enthusiastic speech of his brother, the Rev. Mr. Scott, at the Rescue Anniversary. The latter could not speak his full gratitude which, he said, they owed as a family to the Salvation Army.

That was a warm welcome accorded our latest reinforcement at the United Station on the morning of 7 o'clock by a group of Headquarters Officers. Ensign K— to the front; Ensign F— concerning himself with unflinching devotion to the baggage, believing that it will be his turn next!

The mother was dying in the peace and confidence of Jesus. Bending over her, one of her sons—he is the Rev. Mr. Scott, of Toronto—said, "Thank God, mother, that at any rate you are leaving two of your sons in the ministry to teach the truths which you taught them."

"Thank you," exclaimed the dying saint, joyfully, "I have got through a boy of mine in the Salvation Army at Guelph as much as a preacher as any of you."

The boy referred to is Brother Walter Scott, whose rescue by the Salvation Army lifted from that mother's heart the heavy load of a prodigal boy.

North-West Full Swing.

By THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

EVERYTHING is going full swing for Harvest Festival in this Province, and Officers and Soldiers are working very hard. There is a glorious prospect of many Corps and Districts going over their Target, and the Provincial Target is sure. As this is only the eve of the Harvest Festival, I cannot give any particulars yet, but as soon as the returns are in I will write up the matter. I am just on a tour through the Brandon District, and I do Harvest Festival week-end at Brandon, where great things are expected.

I visited Neepawa last week-end and had a good time. Meetings were well attended, the new Officers' Quarters are looking well, and it is expected will be ready in about two weeks. Sergeant-Major Cox has put in a lot of work on this building. Captain Cromarty and Lieutenant Askin have proved by the efforts they have put forth that they are not afraid to work. God bless them.

I arranged with the Captain to do certain repairs to the Neepawa Barracks; amongst other things it is to be painted.

At Minnedosa, Captain Malyon and Lieutenant Glover are kept going on the rounds of this Circle Corps, pushing the claims of God upon the people. Sergeant-Major Davidson, of Carberry, and his little son Frank, were specialising with the Minnedosa Companies, and they stayed for the Monday evening's meetings. Ensign Broadbent, who is resting, was at this meeting. Fine time. I spent the next day at S. M. Cox's, and then I went to Brandon, where I found Adjutant MacNamara and her two Lieutenants busy with the work of the Kingdom, also Ensign Beckstead, R. H., resting.

At Virden I found Captain Kemp and Lieutenant Bauson as busy as could be with the Harvest Festival. We had two good meetings, and the Soldiers came up well for the busy time; harvest and thrashing is just at its busiest, and nearly all the men are out of town, but they will come back again soon and bring in the sheaves. (dollars).

The air is full of changes in the North-West Province. One of the changes is Adjutant Gale, of Port Arthur District, who will take to himself a wife during the last few days of this month. Yes, the wedding is to take place at the District Headquarters, Port Arthur, and the Provincial Officer is to be in charge of the ceremony. The Town Hall is taken, I understand, and a wonderful time is expected.

There is also a farewell of Field Officers on the 26th, in which nearly 40 Officers will be concerned, and about 20 Corps; a few more days, and then it will appear who these shall be.

The Brandon Barracks is to be painted; it needs it very badly, and it will look much better after the operation.

We are badly in need of Officers at the present. Some Officers are sick and must rest. Now, Candidates, or intending Candidates, what you do, do quickly. H. B.

Interesting and Instructive ITEMS.

Of the 136,000 persons in Johannesburg, 50,907 are Europeans. The number of actual Europeans, apart from immigrants from the British South African Colonies and the Orange Free States, is 24,488, subdivided as follows:—English, Scotch and Irish, 16,265; Russians, 3,335; Germans, 2,263; Dutch, 819; French, 427; Swedes, or Norwegians, 211; Italians, 206; Swiss, 139; and other countries, 709.

India has 2,035 towns with an aggregate population of 27,251,176, about one-tenth of the total population. Of these towns 28 have over 100,000 inhabitants, 48 more over 50,000, and 559 more over 10,000. The largest are Bombay, 821,764; Calcutta, 771,144; Madras, 452,518; Hyderabad, 415,039; Lucknow, 273,028; Benares, 215,467; Delhi, 192,729; Mandalay, 188,810; Cawnpore, 183,712; Bangalore, 168,366; Rangoon, 183,324; Lahore, 176,854; Allahabad, 176,246.

Congressman Sulloway, of New Hampshire, is a member of the Salvation Army, and has frequently been seen in their parades, both at his home in Manchester and in Washington. His wife was formerly a Salvation Army lassie.

GIGANTIC

Fifteenth Anniversary Celebrations

TORONTO

OCTOBER 11th to 17th, Inclusive,

CONDUCTED BY

The FIELD COMMISSIONER

(Miss Booth).

Staff Councils, Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.

Great Soul-Saving Campaign in the Pavilion.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th.

8 p.m.—Welcome Demonstration, conducted by the Chief Secretary. All visiting Officers will attend.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12th.

8 p.m.—Officers and Soldiers' United Council, conducted by the FIELD COMMISSIONER, in the Jubilee Hall.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13th.

8 p.m.—Field Officers' Demonstration, conducted by Major Gaskin, in the Salvation Temple.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14th.

5 p.m.—Gigantic Procession through the principle streets. Unprecedented Procession illustrating the work of the Salvation Army. The Juniors in Arms. The Band of Love in Action. Bicycle Brigade in Great Galore. The Rescue Work, Women's and Children's Shelters and League of Mercy, practically portrayed. Men's Social Branch—The Shelter in operation on wheels. Seven Stages of Man. The Industrial Farm, with living and real representations, including Grace-Before-Meat and "The Missing." Literary Lights and Trade Branches brought to the front, etc., etc.

7 p.m.—Musical Prelude in the MASSEY HALL prior to the Great Public Meeting illustrating the work of Salvation Army, conducted by the FIELD COMMISSIONER. The Massing of Provincial Bands, Juniors' Musical Exercises—sleigh bells, dumb-bells, bar bells. The Commissioner's Address. Marvellous time.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

11 a.m.—United Holiness Convention, led by the Chief Secretary, in the Jubilee Hall.

3 and 7 p.m.—Great Soul-Saving Demonstration in the PAVILION. The FIELD COMMISSIONER in command.

RAILWAY RATES!

RETURN TICKETS FOR 15 CENTS MORE THAN SINGLE FARE

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Enquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

(First Insertion).

1993. WILLIAM and JOSEPH LITTLEDALE and sister, now Emily Cunningham. Last heard of was living in Cleveland, Ohio. Did live on Ontario Street. Mother enquires. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1994. WILLIAM LAKE. Dark complexion; height, 5 ft.; age, 50 years. Last heard from Christmas, '91; was then living at Littleton, Manitoba. Friends enquire. American Cry please copy. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1995. MRS. HENRY LLOYD, nee EDITH CHAPMAN. Last heard from eight years ago. Was then living in Cowhill, W. Trenton, Canada. Her father and sisters enquire. Address, "Enquiry," Toronto.

(Second Insertion).

SAMUEL BURNS—Was a Soldier of the Montreal E. Corps. Last heard of was in the United States. Address, Adjutant Coombs, 68 Cathcart Street, Montreal. American Cry please copy.

JOHN CLARK—Left Lindsay, Ontario, in 1870. Went to Elk Rapids, Mich., U. S. A. Last heard of was living in Indiana, fourteen years ago. Had a wife and one boy. Second wife's maiden name Frances Elliott. Mrs. L. Handley, of Seaford, Ontario, enquires. American Cry please copy.

WILLIAM and JOSEPH BRIANT. Left Kingston, June 17th, 1892. Last heard of in Montreal. Both light and fair complexion. William's height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Joseph, about 5 ft. 4 in. Mother very anxious to hear from them. English Cry please copy.

MARY JANE CARTER, of London, England. Last heard from, 1892, then working in a factory in the suburbs of London. William Carter, Broadway St. Bridge, Winnipeg, Man., enquires.

JONATHAN E. BAY. Age 31 years. Occupied as a teacher; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; left Horton Landing, Nova Scotia, June 1st, 1897; purchased a ticket for Winnipeg, Man. He has a teacher's license for the Dominion.

THOMAS and MARY ANN MORLEY came out of Merstham, near Ashford, Kent, England, are living somewhere in Canada. Son John enquires. Address, "Enquiry," Toronto.

COMING EVENTS.

Mrs. Brigadier Read,

Women's Social Secretary, will visit: Hamilton IL, Wednesday, September 29th; Hamilton I, Thursday, September 30th; London, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, October 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th. Rescue Home Anniversary.

STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. HARGRAVE will visit the Temple on Sunday, September 26th.

A beautiful testimony is continually being put on record work in India, during its recent scourges of famine and pestilence. Our Officers are pointed out by the people with words of gratitude, saying when they see the red jacket of a Mukhtawar "Diyawar hain" ("Thee keep us alive.")

A young man attired in uniform of the Salvation Army was singing a solo in a Cafe in Zurich, accompanied by his guitar, when an intoxicated man maliciously cut the strings of his instrument. A by-stander was so indignant that he took up a collection to repair the damage.

A friend called on a worthy divine, who had been offered a bishopric. The daughter of the house met him at the door. "Is your father going to accept it?" he inquired. "Well," the young lady replied, demurely, "father is praying for guidance in the library, mother is packing up a sofa."

HOW I SOUGHT AND OBTAINED A BLESSING OF A CLEAN HEART.

By ENSIGN KENNING.

I HAD NOT BEEN CONVERTED very long when first I heard of Holiness and the experience of the blessing of a clean heart. The consciousness of the blotting out of the dark, guilty past was very real and precious to me, and my every desire and ambition was to be as worthy as a child of God before my ungodly shipmates. In those days I was enabled by the grace of God to take up my cross and witness boldly for Christ, and as day succeeded day I was conscious of a growing in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But after awhile I became conscious that my service to God was not as satisfactory as it might be, and the oft recurrence of old-time hesitations which

Sometimes were Mastered and at Other Times were Masters,

consequently bringing me into condemnation and marred my communion with my God—made me to feel dissatisfied and caused me to long for a "more excellent way."

Books were lent me by the score and I read quoted in my mind till at last I almost sickened at the very mention of Holiness. Matters were not improved by my meeting at that time with those who spoke much of the depravity of the carnal mind, which always was, and must ever be in conflict with the law of God, and of the old nature, which I was doomed to carry until my days on earth were ended. My struggles were many.

I Hated the Things that Overcame Me

and sighed and cried for liberty. Before my conversion these things were my joy and I revelled in them. Now I loathed them, and though oft tempted to give up and go back into the world, yet God mercifully kept me, and drew my soul out in deep contrition and confession, causing me to rest upon His promise that "if any man will have an inheritance in the Father," and that if I confessed my sin He was faithful and just to forgive and to cleanse me from all unrighteousness." In my anxiety to obtain forgiveness, I completely overlooked the latter part of the verse. Thus I went on for many months, sinning and repenting, up and down, one day basking in the sunshine of His favour, and joying because of a conscience void of offence, and

The Next Day in Dust and Ashes

before God, sobbing out my tale of defeat and shame.

In this state I determined to be done with lies, and the testimonies of men which so frequently were in glaring contrast to the daily life, and to seek for myself, asking God by His Spirit to illumine His Word that I might know the Truth and that the Truth should make me free."

Never shall I forget one evening, while pacing the deck with my chum, and reading together the first chapter of Matthew, when the Truth entered my names, that at last we came to the 21st verse: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. Like a flash as if from Heaven the Truth entered my soul, revealing what I sought, viz., the glorious possibility of the experience of SALVATION FROM SIN, not merely a forgiveness for sins confessed, but SALVATION FROM SIN.

That settled the question in my mind once and for ever that it WAS possible, by the power of God as revealed in His Son Jesus, that I should be and could be saved from all sin, and that I was, and but while knowing this glorious fact, and seeing that

Nothing Short of this Experience was God's Will for Me,

yet how to obtain it was the next difficultly.

When my readers remember the life training received in the Roman Catholic Church, with its consequent unacquaintance with the Word of God, it will be easily understood the difficulty I experienced finding my way through the Bible. But in my reading I had discovered the glorious promises, "They shall be all taught of God," "The Holy Spirit will teach them all things," and "Ye need not that any man teach you," and upon those I rested, and truly He taught me until out of the mouth of a babe a perfected praise.

Leaving the Navy about this time, and becoming engaged in definite work as God, I came in contact with the Salvation Army, and as often as possi-

ble attended their meetings. Still I hungered for the experience of Holiness of heart and cleansing from all sin, and on more than one occasion while attending special meetings at the Mission with which I was connected I had claimed this experience by faith, even as I had claimed Salvation. And yet, after a-while, I was compelled to admit that not yet was I "more than a conqueror."

Well do I remember attending a meeting led by Colonel Dowdle and his choosing for his subject Romans xii. 1, 2: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercy of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable perfect will of God."

I saw clearly as the Colonel proceeded, that up to that time I

Had Not Yielded Myself to God a Living Sacrifice,

nor had I proved the acceptableness of God's will. I had believed God could sanctify me, and that He would and did, but as I have already said, I was still back again in the old place. This evening, as soon as the invitation was given, I rose and went to the penitential form, and surrendered myself to God. Perfect peace filled my soul, and I left that meeting rejoicing in God.

Things were certainly better for a time, but alas! 'twas only for a time. Ah, how patiently God dealt with me in those days, and how clearly now I see where I then erred. At first I had claimed this experience by faith only, without having surrendered myself to God; my next mistake was to trust merely in the fact of my having surrendered myself to God. Both of these were very good in their way, but neither lasted very long, and again I was overcome.

About this time the Chief-of-Staff was announced to lead an All-Night Prayer at Portsmouth. I determined to be present at this meeting. The evening came, and I went there. Truly the God was present in power, and as the Chief talked on the well-known words, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," and explained that God alone could do this, that it was not a question of what would do—other than to comply with God's conditions—but rather a work that was God-commenced, God-continued, and God-finished. I saw the reality of my sin, and then I rested in my own faith, the merit of my sacrifice and surrender, and in my ignorance

Confounded the Conditions with the Experience Itself.

Carefully, minutely and gloriously simply did the Chief explain the conditions, which were a renunciation of all that was known to be wrong or a hindrance—a complete and absolute surrender of body and soul to God, to the will and service of God, so that it would never more be my way, but His Way—never more my will, but His—never more my interests, but His and those of His Kingdom—and then the Chief rested by faith on His promises that "whosoever toucheth the altar shall be holy;" "the Altar sanctifieth the gift," trusting Him to fulfil His Word again in me. When I went forward, I surrendered all I had or ever hoped to have, chose His Will as the one rule of my life, took Him at His Word, sweetly resting upon His promises which He is ever, oh so faithful, and rose to my feet sanctified, purified and purified by His own blessed Spirit's presence and power. Oh, the rapture! I could scarce contain myself. I took it all as a reward, and then the fullness of His uttermost Salvation.

Years have passed since that night. Many have been the tests and trials of my faith; and let me say, however, that the warfare and counselling of others whose experiences may have been very similar to mine, that whatever there has been of defeat and stumbling in my experience since, has come about as a result of my not seeking ever to carefully maintain by secret communion with God, and the study of His blessed Word that fellowship and union with Himself which is ship and union with Him, which is essential to the maintaining of the daily and hourly experience of entire sanctification and heart purity from sin.

To-day my soul's experience is: "My Beloved is mine, and I am His. My whole being is surrendered to Him. His will is sweet to my soul, and loving Him supremely best. His service is a joy and delight to me.

"Love's restless current sweeping All the roadless deep within me,
Thought and wish and senses keeping Now and every instant clean.

Full Salvation
From the guilt and power of sin.



AUNTIE WRIGHT,
An Ingersoll Veteran.

Doings in the East.

United Soldiers' Councils—Nine Surrenders.

Major Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Captain Gage, Adjutant DesBrisay and the City Officers, led a Soldiers' Council at No. 7, recently. All the six City troops were united in this council. The night's meeting was a free-and-happy one. An old Methodist got exultant, and said he liked the Army for three things, and one of the three was because he got saved 32 years ago, the same year that the Army was born; another reason was that there was a vein of Methodism in the Salvation Army.

The night's meeting was a powerful time. Mrs. Pugmire and Mrs. Gage were in evidence, and poured out the Truth. There was one surrender. The Major had a short Council with the Soldiers at the close of the meeting, and gave them some words of encouragement.

"At good old 'Number Five' The Soldiers are alive; And may they ever strive To keep up 'Number Five,'

A. S. Johnnie.

Hamilton, Ont.

We are having big times here, and some backsliders are returning home, the other night we had the Rev. Mr. Dunlop on the platform. He added his testimony with the many others of God's great saving and keeping power. On Wednesday night, Captain Carter and the Band Boys gave a skit of the Training Home on the platform, which was very interesting. The meeting was a success, although there was no one saved.—F. H. B.

Annapolis Outpost.

On Friday evening last we held meeting at our Outpost. Attendance good, and I tell you, these coloured people can sing. After the meeting we had ice-cream, which every one seemed to enjoy. God bless Mr. Moore, who so willingly helps with his team. Prospects good for Harvest Festival.—Annie Martin, Lieutenant; L. Penny, Ensign.

Newcastle.

On Saturday night and all day Sunday we enjoyed a visit from Major Pugmire, our Provincial Officer. This visit has been looked forward to for some time. In the Holiness meeting on Sunday morning, the Spirit was present, and soon came forward. In these meetings we had welcomed our District Officer, Ensign Pugh, back again, after a few weeks rest.—R. C.

Yarmouth, N.S.

Had great success Sunday. A good number attended the knee-drill, and in the Holiness meeting, two came out, seeking the blessing of a clean heart. At night the meeting was one of the best we have had for some time. Three ladies sought and found the pardon of God. Monday night they were all in the march, and on the platform.

Halifax, I.

We are having good meetings. On Sunday afternoon the Adjutant dedicated the infant child of Brother and Sister Young, and at night one soul sought Salvation and was saved. We found it. Praise God!—See, Casbin.

Liverpool, N.S.

Since last report, two souls for Salvation and one for the blessing of Holiness. God is blessing us. Victory is our song. Harvest Festival is upon us. Prospects are bright for \$30.00. Captain Mrs. Parsons.

St. Georges, Bermuda.

Work progressing. Every one interested. Souls nearly every meeting. Platform will not hold the converts. Adjutant Matthews Week-End, Seven in the Fountain. Two hundred War Cris sold in two days. Three of the Queen's Soldiers surrendered to the King of kings. People very much interested in our Officers and Quarters; taking the whole thing into their hands. God bless and save them! Is the prayer of Kate Welch, Captain; Ethel Martin, Lieutenant.

Kentville.

Captain Moores and Cadet Hebb commanding. Nine indoor meetings, five marches, four open-air per week. Marched a very good march. Answer in next report. Deep plottings re Harvest Festival. We will report our success later.—Sergeant-Major, for Captain.

One Month's Special Campaign at Amherst, N.S.

We have just closed one month's Special Soul-Saving Summer Boom. Our target for the month (August) was 20 souls; 12 to make Soldiers, and two to become Officers. God has in a small way answered the prayers of His people. Twenty-three have professed conversion. Sixteen have been enrolled. Two new Candidates have applied. Three children have been dedicated (Sergeant-Major Gilroy's). The attendance during the month was a record. The night's meeting of previous attendance was passed, with over 1,000 to good. The open-air attendance best previous record was broken by over 150 Soldiers for the month.

Numbers of people who never attended meetings since the Army's advent in Amherst paid us a visit. Among those who specialised at the Corps during the month were: Major Pugmire, Staff-Captain Gage and Ensign Edwards, with aching hearts and weeping spirits on account of those still unsaved. We are agonizing in prayer for a greater outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Yours fighting desperately,

W. A. S.

East Ontario.

Gananoque.

Praise God your correspondent has just returned home in time to find Comrades rejoicing in a grand Harvest Festival victory; target smashed. A beautiful decorated Barris and car for their hire. To God be all the glory!

J. P. Funnell, R. C.

Arnprior.

Our Harvest Festival was a success. Our target was \$40.00, but we went a little over that. Praise God! Victory is our motto!—M. C. Reg. Cor.

Trouton.

The Jubilee Quintette has just visited Sterling. Had a good time. Captain James of Brighton, took my meetings for the week-end while I was away advertising the Quintette, and reports two souls. Times are dull, but God is the same. Hallelujah!

A. T. W. Coate, Captain.

Kingston.

A week of hard fighting, but a good finish up Sunday afternoon; men came to God and found pardon.

W. H. Byers, Adjutant.

Morrisburg.

We are having victory here. God is helping us. We are trying hard to hit our Harvest Festival Target. Ensign Sims was with us on Friday. Everybody was delighted. W. H. Byers, Adjutant.

Peterboro.

The East Ontario String Band was with us for the week-end. Thursday there was a Musical Meeting; it was grand; every one was delighted. The Band was led by Brigadier Sharp. God bless him! Friday all day we had singing and prayer. There were times of blessing and revival. We have with us our old friends, Captain Bearell and Lieutenant Greene. God bless them! We were also glad to have up Sunday afternoon. He looked as happy as the day was long. God bless you, Brigadier! Come again! Yours to victory,

THEY'VE MET OUR BOOMERS.



Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown.....	451
Sergt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 weeks).....	263
Capt. Bragg, Brantford, Ont.....	228
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont.....	210
Joseph Dunkley, St. George's, Ber.	200
Mrs. Crossman, Moncton (av. 3 w.)	141
Lt. Phillips, Butte, Mont.....	140
Cadet Lewellyn, St. John I., N. B. (av. 2 weeks).....	137
Lt. Dora, Picton, Ont.....	122
Lt. Coolen, St. John I., N. B. (av. 2 weeks).....	116
Lt. Dickens, Prescott (av. 2 weeks)	114
Capt. Green, Campbellford (av. 2 weeks).....	110
John Morrison, Glace Bay.....	109
Adj. Alkenhead, Halifax I.....	107
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich.....	101
Lt. Smith, Lindsay.....	92
Lt. Cowan, Halifax I.....	85
Lt. Thoen, Livingston (av. 2 weeks)	84
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall.....	83
Capt. Peers, Paris, Ont.....	81
Capt. Bradbury, Moncton (av. 3 w.)	93
Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, Mont.....	82
Cadet Held, Bridgetown, N. S.....	80
Lt. McNaney, St. Albans, Vt.....	80
Mrs. Stalger, St. Albans, Vt.....	79
Capt. Primrose, Prescott (av. 2 w.)	76
Sergt. Mrs. Barker, Kingston.....	75
Lt. Graham, Edmonton.....	70
Lt. Martin, Annapolis (av. 2 weeks)	70
Capt. Campbell, Halifax I.....	67
Mrs. Shedden, Hamilton I.....	65
Sergt. Lucy Fairly, Bracebridge.....	65
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C.....	65
Sue Rea, Cornwall.....	65
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C.....	63
Capt. Siote, Berlin.....	60
Gertrude Codling, Minot, N. D.....	60
Sergt. Simons, Kingston.....	59
Lt. Sieeth, Pembroke (av. 2 weeks)	58
Mrs. Capt. Green, Campbellford (av. 2 weeks).....	56
Capt. Hill, Montreal I. (av. 2 weeks)	55
Capt. May, New Westminster.....	52
Carrie Conrad, Halifax I.....	52
E. Robinson, Trenton.....	52
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I.....	50
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I.....	50
Lt. Fynn, Stratford.....	49
Capt. Scott, Guelph.....	47
Capt. Isaacson, Calgary.....	47
Mrs. Thompson, Nanapan.....	45
Capt. Jarvis, Stratford.....	45
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph.....	45
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.....	45
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton.....	42
Mrs. Crane, Fredericton (av. 3 w.)	41
Bro. Crane, Hamilton I.....	40
Cadet Hegdon, St. John's, Nfld.....	40
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I.....	40
Capt. French, Peterboro.....	38
Bro. Read, St. John I., N. B. (av. 2 weeks).....	37
Capt. Banks, Nanapan.....	37
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside.....	37
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro.....	35
Ens. Jones, Bracebridge.....	35
May Donovan, Fredericton (av. 3 weeks).....	34
Lt. Bacon, Montreal II. (av. 2 w.)	34
Louise Scott, Guelph.....	34
Myrtle Crawford, Guelph.....	31
Lt. Grosse, Nanapan.....	31
Jessie Orr, St. John I., N. D. (av. 2 weeks).....	30
Maud Harvey, Riverside.....	30
Emily Howell, Riverside.....	30
Julia Ash, St. John V., N. B.....	30
Bro. J. Care, Stratford.....	30
Bro. Lewis, Montreal I.....	30
Sister Mortimer, Victoria, B. C.....	28
Sergt. A. Downey, Kingston.....	27
Capt. Coate, Trenton.....	26
Sergt. Mrs. Collins, St. John V., N. B.....	26
Bro. Wilner, Guelph.....	26
Uncle George, Hamilton I. (av. 2 weeks).....	25
Sis. Freeman, Montreal I.....	25
Sergt. Liston, St. John I., Nfld.....	25
Lt. F. Burton, Hamilton II.....	25
Clara Hillard, Berlin.....	25
Sister McCusker, Hamilton I.....	25
Sis. Matherson, Hamilton I.....	25
Capt. Bloss, Montreal II.....	24
Capt. Calne, Calgary.....	23
Lt. Moore, St. John's, Nfld.....	22
Cadet Gains, Victoria, B. C.....	22
Mrs. Wilcox, Montreal II. (av. 2 w.)	22
Sergt. J. Linton, Uxbridge.....	21

Mrs. Greene, Peterboro.....	20
Father Curry, Hamilton II.....	20
Mary Shuster, Berlin.....	20
Capt. Brooks, Hamilton II.....	20
Sergt. W. Stevens, Riverside.....	20
Sergt. Veale, Barre, Vt.....	20
Maggie Beatty, Fredericton (av. 2 weeks).....	20
Lizzie Schnyder, Bembrake.....	20
Mrs. Jubie, Picton, Ont.....	20
Bro. Duncan, Montreal I.....	20
Robbie Douglas, Cornwall.....	20
C. Woodworth, Moncton.....	20
Mrs. Smith, Moncton.....	20

Things are getting desperate! Mac is up another 36 copies, leading all others by nearly 200. This is a big order, and will take a deal of beating. Well done, Mac!

The battle rages hotly between the next four heroes. Evidently more than one is bent on being second, and consider Bell easier to displace than Mac. Bragg, of Brantford, has made a balloon, I mean booming ascent, soaring up until 220 copies is reached, when he rests a while. Do you intend rising still higher? We do not ask you to Brag(e) but rather to hold on to your well-earned position, and avoid that pastime which is becoming so common among balloonists (namely, parachute descent).

Mrs. H. is down 15 on previous total, but is still only 10 from her accustomed place, which is a most worthy third. What say! shall Woodstock be fourth, and only 15 more to recover the lost honors? Ho! for merry Woodstock town! Up and at it!

St. George and merry England was the battle-cry of the old-time heroes as they rushed to the fray. That must be changed now to St. George's (s) and Joseph Dunkley. "Not very poetic, did you say? Perhaps not, but true, nevertheless. Only a new opening in the Isle of Lilies, but it has already furnished us a hero whose 200 copies prove him to be a boomer of no mean merit. Say, Joseph, don't you see Bell's gauntlet before thee, as if to challenge to deadly combat? Upon whom shall Bermuda's championship honors fall? List! the trumpet blare, the steeds prance forward to the tourney! St. George's and merry Dunkley!

Mrs. Crossman, of Moncton, is just



WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.....
(Give rank, if any, whether local or official.)

Corps.....

Province.....

Sold, outside the Barracks..... War Cry for week ending Saturday.....

Countersigned.....

Commanding Officer.

NOTE—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week. Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

provokingly in front of Lieutenant Phillips, of Butte, with one copy. How trying! but there, it's no use being cross, man! What's that you say? "Lieut. Phillips is not a man!" Even so, it's no use being a cross (wo) man.

Winnipeg's honours have been wrested from her, and Cadet Lewellyn, of St. John I., N. B., leads our divinity students this week. Now then, Cadet Extrune, be not weary in well-doing! let us hear from you. Your total last week was ahead of Lewellyn's this. That ought to encourage you.

There is not much to choose between the next half-dozen. The renowned Dora, of Picton, leads the batch, closely followed by Coolen, of St. John I., with Dickens, Green, Morrison and Adjutant Alkenhead close up. McDougall, of Goderich, has crossed the 100, and stands smiling serenely the other side the line with 1 copy to spare.

You are not far from the hundred, Lieutenant Smith. What do you say to the other 8 copies? Cannot the Centrat furnish a hero or heroine who shall do the Province a booming credit? F. P. thinks so.

The eighties are well represented, having in their regiment such well-known names as Cowan, Bloss, Peers, Bradbury, the renowned Van Camp, Held, Stalgers, and McNaney, Noble eighty's!

Welcome to a worthy place on our Boomers' Roll, Mrs. Shedden. Hamilton I. hath need of thee! What has become of that man of (Brass) war, who totted such an excellent 90 last week? We miss him. "Just tell him that we sought him."

The fifties look up well, as also do the forties. Our list is quite encouraging, any as we gaze down the Roll, the Editorial heart is cheered, and were it not for the well-nigh tropic temperature of the Editorial sanctum, it would be difficult to say to what lengths the F. P. might wander on commenting, praising, noting the achievements of our Boomers.

"War Cry's all sold, and we are ready for the new ones." So writes Van Camp. You shall have them as fast as we can turn them out. 'Tis a healthy sign when "Crys" are scarce

on the Sunday. Shows some one's been a-booming of 'em. Another welcome epistle tells of new customers being secured all over the city. Shall be glad of more such introductions.

We have received a poetic effusion from a comrade down Montreal way. The theme is a worthy one, since 'tis of boomers, but 'tis scarcely the calibre of thing we need. Let us have those Comrades' testimonies in prose, and if possible, send photos as well, and they shall have a good show in the columns of the dear old "Cry."



AGGIE MCCANN,
A Stratford War Cry Seller.

We shall be glad if Boomers, when sending in number of "Crys" sold for more than one week, would state whether the number given is the total, or the average for each week. For instance, one Comrade reports "2 weeks—26 Crys." Does that mean a total of 26 for two weeks, or two weeks, 26 each week. This may seem a strange question to ask, but it arises from F. P.'s desire to report sales accurately. Deal gently with poor F. P.

Shall we all forget our "Crys" for a few moments, with the subsequent work and rush and boom in our efforts to sell out, and join together in singing one old-time verse:

"Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine,
So shall I all my strength exert
And love them with a zeal like Thine,
And lead them to Thy open side,
The sheep for whom the Shepherd died."

Yours affectionately,
"FOUNTAIN PEN."

Newfoundland News.

Hants Harbour reports eight souls Major and Mrs. MacMillan, with Little Norman, visited Trinity and had grand meetings. Dildo reports victory. Comrades working on the new railway hold meetings and souls are being saved.

Special cheap Railway Tickets for the Toronto Big Meetings will be issued by the different Railroad Companies at a rate of 25¢ each, plus 10¢ for baggage.

Central Ontario's Chancellor's IMPRESSIONS

On His First Visit to Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby and Brocklin.

BOWMANVILLE.

I was a stranger, so I suppose excited the usual criticism. However, I went to bless my Comrades—that is a worthy work. Perhaps some one will say, "You should have gone to save souls!" So I did. Who shall say to what extent I succeeded in so doing in the above work? I think the reason so few sinners are converted is because many of our own people want converting from ugly ways, inconsistency, hard feelings, worldly tastes in dress, and cowardice, as shown in the lack of service. Where God has a suitable people, He never fails to work mighty things.

A word to my Bowmanville Comrades: You should do more work on the streets; should be more often at the meetings; should wear more uniform; should sing the songs of Zion more on the marches. Oh, for more heat and fervour, dash and fire! Has the fire gone out? If so, get it back, and then you'll make the Devil fly. Thank God for one dear old man. Through his tears he sought the Salvation of his soul; and one young woman, who came back to her Saviour.

I must take Mrs. Minlice with me the next time I go, which I hope won't be long.

OSHAWA.

What a lovely Barreness! so suitable; a nice town, not lacking in enterprise. My first meeting in Oshawa. Had heard a great deal about the place, and a little about the people. I read to them about Jesus going through the towns and villages preaching the Kingdom.

25 cts. for the Old Flag.

I was "Jesus, Lover of my soul." As we sang, a gentleman pressed his way through, with his pipe in his mouth, and pushed a quarter in my hand, and with a smiling face in his words said: "That's for the old song!" We never know the powerful and tender associations the memories of the old songs stir in many people who have now grown hard in sin.

In that meeting, one woman, a thorough backslider, returned to her Saviour. He it known everywhere, I especially like to see backsliders returning. To my Oshawa Comrades, I say, stand together! there are breaches in the line. LOVE ONE ANOTHER!

WHITBY.

Here we had a good open-air; earnest listeners. Many of them have come home! We had the Methodist School-Room for our use. Thanks to the ministers and deacons! A good time.

BROOKLIN.

A splendid gathering here for the size of the place; good feeling, and God present to bless. Many young people there and very earnest. I want very much to go back and give them a week-end. A very hearty response in the shape of an offering. Look up, Brooklin! We don't forget you at the P. H. Q. Office!

THOS. MINNICE,
Staff-Captain.

MORE NEWS! There will be a Staff change in October, probably just after the big meetings.—Some promotions are floating about. For instance, Lieutenant — is made Captain; Lieutenant — ditto; Brother —, Lieutenant. But we must not be too adventurous. Names will doubtless be revealed next week.—Then there are to be some field changes. Captain Creamer, assisted by Captain Vay, takes charge of Oshawa. Captain Brook will lead on the Mother Corps. Captain Slater goes to Dundas. Captain Dodge assists at the Toronto Shelter. If we could displace the names of the Lieutenants to be promoted, then would follow their appointments. But "wait, meekly wait."—Mrs. Read will visit Hamilton shortly for special meetings.—The Brigadier, Mrs. Read and P. H. Staff will conduct weekly Friday Holiness Conventions at the Temple during the coming Fall and Winter.—Captain Crawford, of Brumpton, has come back broken down physically and has had to take a turlough. Pray for his restoration!—Mr. Crawford, M. P. P., and Staff-Inspector Archibald spoke in glowing terms of the Army's work at Ligar Street Harvest Festival.

The East Ontario Jubilee Quintette evidently made a mark at Port Hope. If we are to judge by the acknowledgment of the "Local Press," Ensign Fox says the Band took immensely.



Tune.—"Stand Up For Jesus!" with the chorus to the tune "The Day of Victory's Coming," etc.

1 Clean hands, pure hearts are needed
To battle 'gainst Hell's hosts;
Commands Divine unheeded
Make many leave their posts.
When interest is waning,
Soul-saving work goes afloat,
Then Soldiers cease proclaiming
That Christ does peace bestow.

Chorus.

The blessing of a clean heart is what such people need (repeat 3 times).
This blessing, full and glorious, is for ALL.

Some have the gift of speaking,
Some have the gift of song;
And yet they may be lacking
The power to make them strong.
They may wear Army emblems,
And march the streets as well,
But still be bound by fetters
And held by Satan's spell.

A precious, cleansing Fountain
Was opened years ago;
Christ died on Calvary's mountain,
That no life may be dry.
His Blood can scatter darkness,
His power can life impart;
Then, Comrades, seek this treasure—
The gift of a "CLEAN HEART."

Last Chorus.

The blessing of a clean heart will give you peace and power (Repeat).
And keep you free from carelessness and fear.

Brigadier Read.

Tune.—Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By;
Stella, Euphony, B. J., 128, 1;
Eaton, B. J., 167, 2.

2 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinner He prays for you and me.
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!"
They know not that by Me they live!"

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat—
In every drooping sinner's ear.
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, 'e'en I, have mercy found.

Oh, let Thy love my heart constrain—
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out sin.

That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereignty, everlasting love.

—:—:—

3 Tune.—B. J., 4.
Soldiers of our God arise!
The day is drawing nearer:
Shake the slumber from your eyes.
The light is growing clearer,
Sit no longer idle by,
While the heedless millions die;
Lift the Blood-stained banner high,
And take the field for Jesus.

Chorus.

Storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down, bring them down!
Storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down, bring them down!
Pull down the devil's kingdom,
Where'er he holds dominion;
Go, storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down!
Hark! from ruler's Lamb,
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be for ever to the Lamb!

See the brazen hosts of hell,
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark! from ruler's ghastly road,
Victims groan beneath their load;
Forward! oh ye sons of God,
And dare die for Jesus!

Warriors of the Bleeding Lamb,
Army of Salvation,
Spread the fame of Gilead's Balm,
Conquer every nation!
Hark! from ruler's standard higher,
Strike for victory, never tire;
Onward march with Blood-and-Fire,
And win the world for Jesus!

Tune.—B. J., 14, and B. J., 228.

4 Come, join our Army, to battle we go,
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe.
Defending the right and opposing the wrong,
The Salvation Army is marching along!

Chorus.

Marching along, we are marching along
The Salvation Army is marching along!
Soldiers of Jesus be valiant and strong,
The Salvation Army is marching along!

Come, join our Army and enter the field,
The Sword of the Spirit with strong faith we wield;
Our armour is bright and our weapons are strong—
The Salvation Army is marching along!

Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,
True to our colors, we'll fight till we die;
"Saved from all sin" is our war-cry
and song—
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and do not delay,
The time for enlisting is passing away;
The battle is raging, the victory will come—
The Salvation Army is marching along!

Tunes.—Auld Lang Syne, B. J., 37, 3;
or, The Judgment Day, B. J., 65, 1.

5 The Lord, He is my God indeed,
My Saviour from all sin,
My mighty shield in times of need,
Who still does victory win.

Chorus.

Oh, sing the Heavenly Shepherd's love,
So great, so vast, so deep,
He led the Jews of Heaven above,
To save the wandering sheep.

Full of have devils, darts and stones
Cast straight at me from hell,
And yet my grateful spirit owns,
Christ stayed them when they fell.

He is the Strong Deliverer still,
Conqu'ror of sin and death;
Therefore, His praise my mouth shall fill,
As long as I have breath.

Tunes.—What's the News? B. J., 12, 3;
There is a Better World, B. J., 11, 3;
Come to Me, B. J., 102, 2.

6 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
For us He shed His precious blood
On the Cross.
Oh, hear His all-important cry—
"Why perish, blood-bought sinner—
why?"

Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross!"

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
On the Cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth Salvation make—
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me
On the Cross.

Tunes.—Rockingham, B. B., 82; Wareham, B. J., 161, 2; Why Not To Night? B. J., 131, 1; Eternity, B. J., 28, 3.

7 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing Blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Chorus.

Oh! I'm glad there is cleansing in the Blood!
Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the Blood!

Tell the world—all the world—
There is cleansing in the Saviour's Blood.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

West Ontario Province.

Woodstock, Ont.

For the week-end we had with us and were greatly blessed and aided by the presence of Mrs. Major Southall, in a wonderful manner did the Lord help us. And on Sunday morning one dear soul let go everything and got the victory. Night meeting—poorly attended. Subject, "Harvest Home." Monday night the sale of the goods. We had a march, which represented "The Farmer's Boy" in the barracks. Everything sold well. Ice-cream in great demand; and at the close we felt more than ever like singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

J. P., Reg. Cor.

Ingersoll.

"Friends, when I started it was not for 6 days or a week, but for life," says one dear Comrade, and that's the sort of thing we love to hear. Looking round we see many of our number who are as brands plucked from the burning, but the black has come off. Praise the Lord! "They tell me I feel ten years younger since I got saved," says another; while one and all are pressing on rejoicing in our Saviour's love.

M. K.

Strathroy.

Special meetings Sunday. Captain Smith with us in splendid times. Truly the presence of Mrs. Major Southall, and souls knelt at the Cross. Crowds very fair. Jesus proclaimed in his purity draws the crowds.—G. Fynn.

Blenheim.

Re Harvest Festival, Captain Never-Give-In and her faithful Lieutenant Heater were determined not to be left in the lurch. They told me I felt ten years younger since I got saved, says another; while one and all are pressing on rejoicing in our Saviour's love.

Special meetings Sunday. Captain Smith with us in splendid times. Truly the presence of Mrs. Major Southall, and souls knelt at the Cross. Crowds very fair. Jesus proclaimed in his purity draws the crowds.—G. Fynn.

Chatham District Doings.

You will rejoice to hear that the Chatham Corps have gone over their Harvest Festival Target. We closed our effort on Wednesday. I remember, first, having everything completely sold out. On Wednesday, September 1st, having everything completely sold out. We found the latest season and early dates set were against us in gathering in abundance, but the prices realized (especially on produce) were the best I ever saw. They more than balance this offer. Of course we had the proverbial difficulties. Some of them of an exceptional character, yet God stood by us, giving the victory. Hallelujah! My new wheel, which by the way is a Chicago "Hambley" high grade, with 30 gear, did excellent service in my collecting and coaching. My card showed \$16.35, besides kind. Other kind workers, with lesser amounts, worked as hard as I could. Best of all, we had six souls at the Harvest Festival meetings.

Our Band (Chatham) is growing in numbers and improving in music under the able teacher, Professor Phillips. Our music journals run to 328 and they are practicing hard for the Toronto meetings.

Captain Coy, of Tilbury, writes \$5.00 over the Harvest Festival Target.

Blenheim to Ridgeway will smash theirs also. Yours in the War,
W. Archibald, D. O.

Amherstburg.

Cheered by a two days' visit from Dr. Logan and wife; we had a lively time. Crowded Barreness; finances grand; interest stirred. Harvest Festival completed. \$40.00! Target broken. Determined on victory.—H. E. Collier and Fred Gutzke, C. O.

Palmerston.

We are still fighting and intend to conquer. We have had a saved souster for two weeks and he has just left us today. Adjutant and Mrs. Myles, who have been in charge of this District for months, are farewelling. You may depend upon Palmerston Soldiers to fight. Hoping you will hear from us often (Amen)—Ed.—Lieutenant Baird.

Ingersoll.

Glory to God! Harvest Festival magnificent victory. The Target, \$52.50 gone out of sight, while the week-end meetings have been splendid in crowds, interest and finance. Juniors named amount of Target. Staff-Captain Turner with us, and gave lecture on his trip to England and the Crystal Palace. The Officers have had true models of Salvation, industry and hard work, giving none of the hardness. We are delighted and are in again for fighting the devil—M. K., Reg. Cor.

North-West Province.

Mandan.

We are having victory. After the meeting Saturday night, one dear man felt so deeply convicted that he came forward and we knelt down with him and had another prayer-meeting. Now he claims Christ as his Saviour. Two out for holiness, Sunday.

Sergeant-Major Mitchell.

Edmonton.

We had the pleasure of welcoming Captain Perkins into our Circle, who, by the way, has been ill for quite a while, but is joyfully because God has restored her to health and strength. We are in to smash our Harvest Festival Target. Believing for souls. Victory is ours. Praise God! H. Kregler, Cor.

Larimore, N.D.

Meetings are packed every night. There are hundreds of men here. We have to rejoice over some of them being brought to Jesus, the sinners' Friend. Lieutenant and myself visited the goal last Sunday, and talked to the prisoners of the love of Jesus and His willingness to save. The way of the transgressor is hard. We are praying that God will help us to bring many more to Himself.—Capt. Anne Hurst.

We are still pressing forward. Harvest Festival drawing near. We feel that success is waiting us. War Cry all sold every week. Two more souls out for Salvation last week. Praise God! Yours for the Way.

James W. Coombs.

Moosemin.

Good time Sunday. One young man sought the Saviour at night. Several more in place. Soldiers fight valiantly.—R. Jarvis, Captain L. Smith, Lieutenant.

Moose Jaw.

\$7.40 ON THE DRUMHEAD.

Our open-air are exceptionally good. Sunday's morning's breakfast collection amounted to \$7.40, which isn't bad for old despised (?) Moose Jaw. J. H. Midgah, R. C.

Pacific Province.

Dillon, Mont.

One soul found Jesus and was freed from the chains of sin.

Livingston.

We are in for war in this place. Open-air meetings well attended. People are much interested in the work. The Comrades are getting along real well, and we are in for a good harvest time in Livingston. Yours in the fight, M. A. Wale, Ensign.

Helena, Mont.

"That's the latest! What is that? Masquerade ball!" we heard some people say. Last Saturday the Local Corps here held a Nationality Meeting. About twelve different countries were represented in proper style. A meeting of that sort had never been on the programme yet. The story of the Cross had never been told in such a manner. Thereafter the people of Helena were not a little surprised to see us marching the streets in our costumes. An immense crowd gathered around our open-air ring. Our Barracks was filled up to the last seat. People who never listened to the Salvation Army before were attracted by this our special effort. Finances very good. May the Lord keep us true and faithful to the desire of our hearts. Amen!

Prospects for Harvest Festival very good.—Willie Arnold.

Roseland, B.C.

Glory to God! The Lord is keeping us fighting in this city. During the past week we have had souls for our hire. Praise His name! We gave our new Officers a hearty welcome. Their good singing is much appreciated by the crowds who attend our meetings, especially in the open-air. Faith high for Harvest Festival.

W. H. Shillinglaw, Sergeant.

WANTED AT ONCE!

String Instrument Players.

Brigadier Read is forming a special Provincial String Band. All Local Officers or Soldiers playing autoharps, banjos, guitars, fiddles, etc., and willing to travel for God and souls, apply at once to the Brigadier, corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets, Toronto. Applications must be sent immediately.



CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Twenty-one convicts sailed up to Champion Bay," said Archie, telling of what happened. "Eleven slept at the bows and ten for'd. The eleven aft broke into the ship's cargo, which consisted of spirits and sundries. I knew nothing of this at first, but after and said, 'Archie, do you want a drink?'

"Does a miser want money?" I replied. So he says, 'Come on down into the bows.' He took me to the 'Old Tom,' and I took a long, steady pull at it. We were all drinking before long, and we threw the empty bottles unobserved overboard. We were fourteen days on the water, and during this period I assisted the cook, and he gave me extra food, and a pint of 'Old Tom' every day. I got on very well. Two hours before we landed at Champion Bay the ship's officers looked over the cargo and found two cases of spirits missing. The captain went on shore half-an-hour before us. Goes to the resident magistrate, and charged the convicts with breaching the ship's cargo on the high seas and consuming two cases of spirits, valued at so much. The penalty for a crime like this was death. The twenty-one of us were rested and taken before a magistrate. Of course we all denied it, and the case was remanded for fourteen days.

"The police were very active during this interval, trying to get a clear case against us, so that they might have a big hanging day.

Whilst lying in my cell, I thought, 'Well, I've been in many a queer fix, but, somehow, I've always come out alright at the last, and after all these years, am I going to be hanged for complicity in

Consuming Two Cases of Spirits?

Never, no never! It would be everlasting disgrace to any convict to be hanged for such a trifling affair. I've got it," says I to myself. 'I'll get us all off scot free, and get the captain and crew arrested instead.'

"As I intended to myself for a whole week, nearly."

When the case came up again before the magistrate, Archie was asked if he had anything to say in defence.

"Yes, sir," said Archie, "we have. In the first place, the charge is not proven, and, in English law, the accused is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. You are morally and legally bound to acquit on these lines. Secondly, we are innocent of the charge against us; but if there is a man who saw any one of us break into the ship's cargo, let him come forward and say so."

"No one come forward? Certainly not! But I have come forward myself, to make a definite statement and accusation to the effect that the captain and crew of the vessel are the persons who

Breached the Cargo

on the sea, knowing at the time that they could easily throw the blame upon us poor convicts, because our word is never taken, and because our lives are of less value than a dog's."

"Silence!" said the magistrate. "This is very serious language!"

"Yes, sir," continued Archie, "it is; and, what is more serious, I can prove my words. I helped the cook on the voyage, sir, and he gave me a tumbler of rum every day. Now, sir, I know that when a seaman signs articles before entering upon an engagement there is nothing said about an allowance of spirits, and I know that the cook, out of his small wages—because he told me how much he got—cannot afford to drink six bottles of rum every week."

At this stage of the trial, the captain, fearing that the case would go against him, asked the magistrate to hush the matter up, as he wished to withdraw from the process.

"Oh, no, no, my dear sir!" said the magistrate, firmly; "we administer justice in this court, not favour."

The captain's request had aroused

The Magistrate's Suspitions.

He believed that Archie was speaking

the truth, and refused to quash the case.

"Have you any further statements to make?" the magistrate asked Archie.

"Yes, sir. The whole crew had a liberal supply of rum each day. They all seemed to be in this plot against us poor devils! Is it any wonder, sir, that two cases of spirits were missing? We are innocent of this charge, though I doubt if the cook gave me, though I had no idea at that time where he got it from."

This concluded the case, and the magistrate, a just man, was thoroughly deceived. Archie's able defence had convinced the magistrate that the captain and crew of the vessel were

The Real Culprits.

The conclusion satisfied Archie beyond all expression. The captain was fined £200; the cook was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and twenty convicts were discharged.

The convict depot at Champion Bay was a bush-hut to accommodate fifty convicts.

The superintendent had full particulars in writing, of the characters of Archie Sloss and the "Snake-cater."

They were sent for into his presence, and after looking the two men up and down, said: "We are going to name you. We'll make you as tame as a horse or a dog. We never throw away any good advice on the likes of you."

Chains, Floggings and Six Foot Drops

have wonderful effects on animals like you. I have the character of being a very severe man. Be careful. Don't act the fool in these parts. It's quick work when I go round on the war-path. There's a graveyard out there. Better men than you are buried there. They all died sudden of broken necks. Let this be a warning to you. We'll keep you here for a few days to see how you behave, and if you live over this period we'll send you up country to make roads for the Government."

Archie laughed immoderately at this awful warning. It sounded so ridiculous to him. The fear of death and the judgment had long since left him. In a short time, Archie Sloss, the untamed convict, was to rise to the height of his destiny, and become a leader of convicts as wicked as himself.

"Ten of us were sent up country to Four Mile Camp," said Archie, speaking of the evils of this period. "I was now determined to be a

Free Man Forever.

I got all my brother convicts to join my standard, and one morning we knocked a few warders down, left them insensible, took their clothes and guns, and escaped into the bush. We joined a gang of bushrangers, and got the name of the 'Forty Thieves.'

"It was terrible rough work, even in those rough days. We held up all the squatters' farms round about—that is, we took their horses, their cattle, sheep, firearms, clothes, crops, anything."

"The Government offered a reward for our capture. A price was set on our lives, and this made us more desperate than ever."

"A more

Dreadful Set of Men

I never saw in my life. We were more desperate and more dangerous than wild beasts of prey."

The law of degeneration was well illustrated in these men's lives. They were no longer men with a moral nature, but were devils personified, the result of years of habitual sins. Human passions had been allowed to run loose and annihilated all sense of righteousness.

Any attempt to think and act rightly was perfect torture. Transgression was their chief pleasure.

At last the "Forty Thieves" became such a scourge to the country that mounted police were sent out to scour the country and try to discover the headquarters of the gang.

(To be Continued.)

WANTED—VOLUNTEERS.

A few good musicians, well saved, and willing to work for the Salvation of souls for West Ontario Brass and String Bands. Applicants are desired to give three months' service for more expenses than about end of September. A good female violinist urgently needed, also good brass instruments. Address—

MAJOR SOUTHALL,
Salvation Citadel,
London, Ont.

Promoted to Glory.

We have received news of the death of the child of our Comrade Mr. and Mrs. Saultas, of Hamilton, Ber. The funeral was conducted by Adjutant Mathews, Captain Welsh and Carter. May God comfort the bereaved parents.

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We have also been asked to announce the death of the Rev. Wm. H. Desmarais, who was drowned while bathing in Nicolet River. He was only ordained in June, 1896, so his earthly ministry was indeed brief. He leaves one sister to mourn his loss.

—:—:—

Sister Brown, of Westville, Nfld., when told she was nearing the river, she smiled and said, "Yes, but I'm not afraid to launch away." Her husband has but lately become a Soldier, and to him she said, "I should so much like to see you in uniform before I go home." God comfort the sorrowing husband.

—:—:—

Captain Wilson, of Little Current, reports the death of Comrade Charles Kakagawandah Shegunand. The funeral service was conducted in the English Church. He leaves a wife and two children. May He who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless, defend them!

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"Mother" Jordan, Lippincott.

MOTHER JORDAN, an old warrior of Lippincott Corps, has gone home. Over fifty years' service she rendered to her Lord. Since 1884, Mother Jordan, with her husband, had been faithful Soldiers of the Salvation Army. Very feebly indeed do the Soldiers speak of her example and influence in the Corps. Miss Yerec, speaking of her, says, "I suffered much during her last illness, and sometimes was very tempted and tried, but the God in whom she had trusted for years did not let her fail. She ended calmly; no time to say good-bye, no time to leave a message for loved ones far away; the Chariot lowered, and without a sigh her spirit took its flight. We gave her an Army funeral, and told her away with a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. Her Memorial Service, several spoke of the blessing she had been to them. Although none yielded then, five have been converted since. Dear old Dad Jordan is left to fight on God's side and sustain him!"

Instead of keeping ice in a dish, where it will quickly melt, to flannel loosely on the dish so that it drops into the bowl, and keep the ice in a flannel bag.

LOANS.
LOANS.
LOANS.

ANY PERSON having money to invest would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from

STAFF-CAPT. SMEETON,

Albert St. Toronto.

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